

quested, on the county's civil business. All this does not comprise as much work as devolves upon the city attorney and his assistant.

The office of the second deputy attorney should be permanently abolished, both because it entails a needless expense and because its abolition would make it incumbent on the present county attorney to do at least a fair portion of the work of the office for which he is more or less munificently paid.

Mr. Choey Lippman was so obsequious and conspicuous at the inauguration ceremonies that it was difficult for the unwary to tell whether it was he or Mr. Cutler who was being inaugurated.

SENATORIAL ACTIVITY.

The balloting for a United States Senators begins on Tuesday, the 17th, and affairs senatorial have begun to assume a rather interesting aspect. Headquarters have been opened by Mr. George Sutherland and Judge G. W. Bartch, whose names are probably the only ones which will be presented in the caucus to be held some time prior to that date.

Nothing has occurred to change the appearance of the certain election of Mr. Sutherland by an overwhelming vote on the first ballot. In fact, Judge Bartch is about the only person familiar with the situation who does not freely concede the election of the ex-Congressman. Friends of W. S. McCornick have continued to urge him to permit the use of his name before the Legislature, but he has thus far been deaf to the siren voice and it is now entirely improbable that he will be a candidate.

"We will support Mr. Cutler in all he does that is right," says the Tribune. In other words: "We shall want some favors from you before the end of the administration, so please remember how magnanimous we have been to you."

VOLUNTEERS AND GUARD OVERLOOKED.

No reflection may be made upon the personal attributes of the men chosen for the various military honors on the staff of Governor Cutler, but in the selection of his staff the Governor almost utterly overlooked the National Guard of the state and the volunteers of the Spanish-American war.

The only representation the National Guard has on the newly-appointed staff is Mr. Samuel C. Park, who served efficiently as a staff officer under ex-Governor Wells. The appointment was a judicious one, and met with general approval, and the complaint is that there were not more such competent men of military training selected. The one representative of all the many volunteer officers who served the state during the late war was Mr. George A. Seaman, who was mustered out of the volunteer batteries as a second lieutenant.

It appears strange that it did not occur to Governor Cutler to give these organizations a fuller representation on his staff, as by so doing he could not only have surrounded himself with men pre-eminently fitted for the positions but would have rewarded men whose recognition would have been a well-earned tribute. As it stands, the staff selected by Mr. Cutler consists mostly of men who have never worn a military uniform, and the result will be the discouragement of men who have served with distinction in the National Guard. Disintegration in that organization is already seriously threatened.

And if Senator Smoot retains his seat, it would be worth buying a high-priced coupon and traveling many miles to see Thomas Kearns congratulate him.

ONE DEFENSE.

They're off for gaudy Washington, on, on, the heroes speed

To tell the world that which is not and testify for Reed;

And we wait with breathless interest for the inquisition rare,

When William P. will fulminate and Arthur L. will swear.

Mayhap they will enquire of Mr. Cutler's strange advance

From a calm and meek obscurity to pomp and circumstance;

And if they ask if Reed assisted in an active way O what will William P. announce and what will Thomas say?

And if they say, "Now tell us who performed the dire feat

Of plucking Kearns, the Wondrous, from that cherished Senate seat?"

Will they answer, "August Senators," in accents politic,

"Much it grieves us to announce we do not know who turned the trick."

Or will they, growing bolder in the desperate intent

To save the lofty Provoite another tale invent; And in an awesome whisper say, with faces tense and grim:

"It wasn't Mr. Smoot at all, 'twas done by 'Fussy Jim'."

A. K. N.

HY DUNLETS.

Hyrum on the Holidays.

I'm awful sorry the holidays is over," said Hyrum, as he lighted something like father used to smoke, and had the courage to smile while puffing it.

"I don't believe it's a square deal," he continued, "to make cigars like that, and keep down the supply of sauer kraut. I don't mind smokin' a Cremo, but it's kind of rotten for any one to put Henry Clay brands on the goods just because it's Crismus. This peace on earth rocko goes all right with me, an' I can hand it right back, but not if I've got to stand for the largest seller in the world at the same time."

"I was told by my compatriots at 'The Sign of the Broken Heart' that Crismus would be merry. Fussy said something about that word bein' stereotyped or something of that kind, but it went anyway, for no cheap newspaper man is comin' to our apartments and drink Joel's '76,' without spending a cent, and then tell us how to participate in the English language, not much, not if the Dun family's oldest and brightest boy knows what he's talkin' about."

"But I was speakin' of this Crismus business. After a day which had taxed my ability as a genial general passenger agent to the utmost, I sauntered to our apartments, forgetting that it was the night before Crismus, and walked into the boudoir of the business man, and nothin' to it. It looked like home-cookin' on a rainy night, and I jest walked around lookin' for the names on the presents, mine bein' quite conspicuous. When the guests had assembled for the evening's entertainment, they began to open the loot, an' I got mine."

"Not a satisfactory present in the bunch. Les gave me two night shirts, which was thoughtless and a waste of money, for I got one night shirt, and what do I need of any more? Then came these cigars—have one—and I got a couple of ties that was worse than those under the rattlers on the opposition to the government, and then I got an insurance policy on my wardrobe, and two

sachet mats, a silk hat, a centerpiece of Mexican drawn work, which was drawn in an awful fierce lottery, and a gun from a man who knows the fellows I'm roomin' with. The whole new cheese was what your friend Brick would call the limit."

"For quantity an' little of the quality, it kind of reminded me of one time when I was obliged to escort a friend of mine to 'a china shower,' and as soon as they opened the door, I got hit in the head with a water pitcher. I know it was the goods though, because next mornin' I read in papes that the stunt in honor of the bride was the main event, just like they called this Crismus merry."

"Anyway, I wondered why the boys were so gen'rous, but it didn't take long to find out. They're awful fine fellows, and there's never no bad feeling at the table, and everything goes smooth an' all that, but say," and Hyrum's tone grew sadly reminiscent, "my affection for that bunch ain't nineteen dollars worth, even on Crismus eve."

"Hyrum, were the deuces running wild?"

"Do'n' know," said the disgusted one, "but I'm glad the business man is cruising the shores of Michigan instead of raising kitties here tonight."

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